

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent care you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his vnmaistred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The charest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious strokes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.
Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puffe and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.
Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption trade,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnchatch'd, vnfladg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppos'd may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and Ration,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This about all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell.
Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
Ophe. So please you, something touching the *L. Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience bene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a Greene Gille,
Vntried in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not farthing. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springs to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scatter'd of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly; is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What how now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Mar. No, it is strooke. (season,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (rouse,
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he deuines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne. It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Bethey euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burth in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canopiz'd bones Hearfed in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat Steele,
Reuisites thus the glimpse of the Moone,
Making Night hideous? And we fooles of Nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Locke with what courteous action
It waits you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Ham. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not see my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempe you toward the Flood my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It waits me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I call'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I lay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.